

Clay says

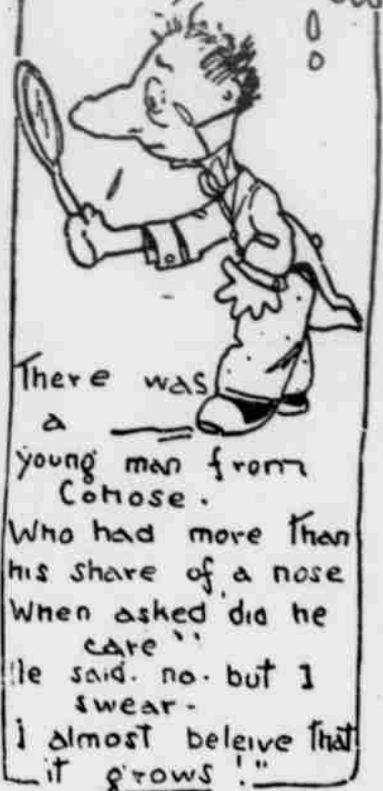
IF YOU ARE A WEAK WOMAN

I have an offer to make you. Because I know Nyal's Vegetable Prescription contains the very elements needed to correct disorders of women, strengthen and build up I make this offer:

Come to this store and get a bottle of Nyal's Vegetable Prescription, if it does not help you wonderfully — you need not pay for it — that is we will return your money.

CLAY'S
Prescription Drug Store
NORTH SIDE SQUARE.
"The right place."

DEAR - DEAR



MEDLEY GAME IS ENLIVENING

Necessary That Every One Should Have His Wits About Him and Speak Quickly—Prizes Given

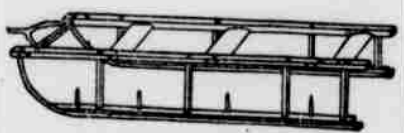
Choose some one with a good business head for the auditor in this game, and give him pencil and paper on which to write in a vertical column the names of all the players.

When the paper is ready the auditor must indicate some one to open the game. The one indicated must begin to repeat some verse or sentence. Suppose she begins to repeat, "Mary had a little lamb," as soon as she comes to a word which suggests another verse or sentence to any one of the players, that one must interrupt and go on with another verse. For example, suppose the first player said, "Mary had a little—" then some one picked her up by saying, "little star, how I wonder what you are," and immediately another player says, "You are a goose," another tacks him up with "Goosey, Goosey Gander, where—" another says, "where is my wandering boy—" and still another says, "boy blue, come blow—" another, "blow, bugles, blow, set the wild echoes flying," and so on till no one can think of anything to say, and the last player finishes up a verse or completes a sentence. Each one who completes a sentence or verse is credited one point by the auditor, and must start a new verse. Any one may interrupt with a new verse as soon as it occurs to him, but when two start at nearly the same time the auditor must decide who has the right of way, and the auditor must never be disputed. When no one can think of a new verse to start off with the game is ended, and the one who has the most points receives a prize, while the one who has the fewest points receives the booby prize. Every one must have his wits about him in this game, and think and speak quickly. It is still more funny if all the players are singers and can sing the medley instead of repeating it. In this case the players might choose sides, each side having a leader and one side interrupt the other. That is, suppose the leader on one side starts singing, "Mary had a little," then some one on the other side sings, "little star," the rest on her side joining in, then the alternate side interrupts again. Try this some evening when you want to be livened up.

MAKING SLED OUT OF WOOD

No Nails or Anything of Iron Is Used in Its Construction—Runners Are Hickory Saplings.

The picture shows a sled made entirely of wood. No wires, nails, bolts or iron pins are used. The top frame rails of white oak sapling, squared; the cross pieces were cut out of flat oak rails. The bottom frame rail an oak sapling split with oval side up.



A Handy Sled.

The shoes or runners are of split hickory sapling and are fastened to the frame with 3/4-inch pins. When the shoes wear off the pins are to be driven out and new shoes put on. The tongue is made of a forked sapling.

Seven Good Rules.

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Real Battleships.

For the first time in the history of the United States naval academy midshipmen will have the use next summer of three battleships for their annual practice cruise, the Iowa, the Indiana and the Massachusetts having been assigned for this service. This will enable the embryo officers to take an extended sea cruise, probably to Mediterranean ports.

Handy Ways of a Husband

"When you have time, George," said Mrs. Andrews one evening, "I wish you would put up that shelf in the kitchen."

"It is so hard to do anything after dark," sighed her husband. "If you can wait till Saturday afternoon I'll do it then."

"That's what you said last week," Mrs. Andrews remonstrated. "I waited till Saturday and then you said you would put up the shelf when you finished reading the paper. By that time you had forgotten it."

"Well, then, I suppose it's up to me to do it now," he said. "Where's the shelf?"

"Out in the kitchen. Do you need help?"

"You needn't stir," he said, generously. "I can do it, all right."

In a few minutes after he disappeared his wife heard his apologetic tones. "I'm sorry to bother you," he said, "but where do you want that shelf?"

His wife could not count the number of times she had told him she wanted it put up over the sink, but she went patiently and indicated the place with her finger.

"Oh, seems to me you did say something about that," he acknowledged. "It won't take me a minute, so you needn't bother to wait when you're so tired."

She went back to her sewing and had taken several stitches before he called again. "Say, do you know where the mischief the hammer's gone to?"

"It is in the tool drawer," she answered. "That is, unless you've had it since I put it away."

"It isn't there," he cried, triumphantly. "I've already looked there."

Mrs. Andrews went out to the kitchen and hunted for the missing hammer.

"It beats all how things get lost in this house," he said. "That girl is the limit. It's sheer carelessness."

"That's what I've always said," Mrs. Andrews agreed, sweetly, as she fished the hammer out from under the stove. "Here it is."

The husband had the grace to laugh. "That time I was stung," he said. "I used the hammer this morning to pound a nail in my shoe and I remember my foot struck it as I left the room, so I must have kicked it under the stove. Where are the nails?"

"Aren't screws better?"

"Screws!" he exclaimed. "In that wood? Nothing but long nails would hold that shelf. I haven't the slightest idea where there are any."

Mrs. Andrews found the nails and went back to her work.

"Allee!" her husband called presently. "Would you mind holding the shelf while I pound?"

She went out again and held it while he hammered away for dear life. She was also properly sympathetic when the nails bent.

"There seems to be a confounded beam in the way," he said. "I'll have to bore holes first. You go and sit down and I'll call you when I need help."

He was as good as his word, for she was scarcely seated when she was summoned again.

"Do you know where the bit is?" he asked. "I've been hunting an age for it."

She opened the tool drawer and took it out.

"Well, that beats all!" he exclaimed. "I looked there. It must have been under that box. It's very hard to find anything with the box of nails in there."

She had sewed a full seam when she looked up and saw him standing in the doorway.

"You were quiet," she said. "I didn't hear you do much hammering."

"I had to give it up," he told her. "Those nails are worthless and I knocked quite a bit of plaster down trying to make them stay in. I'll get better nails and put it up some other time."

When his wife had taken care of the tools and sent for the girl to sweep up the plaster she finished her sewing without so much as a reference to the shelf. Indeed, it was not mentioned again for six weeks. Then Andrews spoke of it himself.

"Great Scott!" he cried, aghast. "I'll put up that shelf at once. I never thought of it till I put my hand into my pocket just now and found the nails I bought."

"Never mind," she said. "You are pretty tired to-night, and anyhow Bertha and I put up that shelf with screws six weeks ago."

Avoiding Infection of Milk.

In order to eliminate all danger of infection from dirty milk bottles, and to place the distribution of whole milk on a strictly sanitary basis, the New York milk committee, in its seven infants' milk depots, is using for the first time in New York city a single service-paper milk bottle, which it instructs its patrons to throw away as soon as it is emptied of milk.—Scientific American.

For Home Happiness.

The road to home happiness lies over small stepping stones; slight circumstances are the stumbling blocks of families. A cold, unkind word checks and withers the blossom of the dearest love, as the most delicate rings of the vine are troubled by the faintest breeze.—Jesus.

THE ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESSIT

A-CRYIN' fer hi DADDY



Dees a-cryin' fer his daddy, till dey isn't any rest. En I hush 'im en I soothe 'im, but he ack lak he possessed.

He's a runnin' ter de winder en he's lookin' down de street. En he lissen in de ebenin' fer de trompin' o' his feet—

En dey ain' no way ter stop 'im, fer he keep on night en day Dees a-cryin' fer his daddy—en his daddy gone away.

W'en he sittin' at de table, den he see his daddy's place En de heart-break come en quiver in de feller's face.

Eu he 'low he won't eat nuffin', en he push away his plate Dees a-cryin' fer his daddy comin' ef he on't sit en wait.

En I try ter tell it ter 'im dees de bes way dat I can But he such a feller dat he dees cain' unnahtan'.

En sometimes he sit en study, dees a-lookin' at de wall. But he lookin' way beyon' it lak it isn't dah at all.

Den he look at me, cu'ous, wid dem great big eyes o' his. En I know he axin', axin', all de time which daddy is!

So I hol' 'im close en close, en I ax 'im not ter cry. But his daddy ain't a-comin' en I dees cain' tell him why.

Dees a-cryin' fer his daddy—en I ax yo suth, to 'splain Why de headin' o' 'im chill'n has to hol' so much o' pain.

Ain' dey any way ter help 'em? Ain' dey any way ter show Dat de daddy-romps is ended en dey ain' gwine be no mo'?

W'en he wake me in de night-time wid his sobs, whut can I say? Dees a-cryin' fer his daddy—en his daddy gone away!



That Man Again.

The man with the incandescent whiskers comes in and as usual approaches the desk of the pale hireling with the patched typewriter.

"I've just thought of a dandy," he says. "What is the difference between a man who is riding a bay horse in his pajamas at noon and a boy who is cutting across lots with a watermelon?"

"Does a bay horse wear pajamas?" asks the peevish hireling.

"Certainly not."

"But you said the man was riding a bay horse in his pajamas."

"The man's pajamas is what I mean."

"Why did he put his pajamas on the horse?"

"He didn't."

"You said so."

"I didn't. The question is—"

"If a man puts his pajamas on a horse and goes riding at noon it seems to me—"

"The man didn't put his pajamas on the horse. He—"

"What was the man's name? Was the boy any kin to him?"

"Oh, that has nothing to do with the case whatever. The boy is just supposed to—"

"You didn't say it was a suppositious case. You said—"

"Never mind, sir. I shall never tell you the answer."

And he is gone. And dreamily over the distant hills the sad, sad wind breathes its throbbing monotone to the dying day, while the little lights are twinkling in the village far below.

More Satisfactory.

"Yes," said the man with the incandescent beard, "I have lost a good deal of money, off and on. I have bought gold bricks and I have monkeyed with Wall street."

"Is there any difference?" asked the man with the aggressive nose.

"Sure. When you buy a gold brick you know how you lose your money."

Makes Him Popular.

"There goes Perkins, the popular poet."

"I never heard of him. What makes him popular?"

"He never insists upon reciting his verses at dinners or to his friends."

Mong Blaw.

A lady who gazed at Mont Blanc remarked that it filled her with awe. And when she came home she said that, next to Rome, was the grandest affair that she saw.

Wilbur D. Nessit.

American Farmers are Getting Wise

They have discovered the truth of the old adage that a stitch in time save nine. Which applied to business on the farm means that it's a lot cheaper in the long run to have good buildings. Well painted on the farm than to put up with the rickety makeshift affairs that some farmers used to think good enough.

We have customers right here in good old Bates county lots of them that has said to us. I wanted to sell my farm, but I had very poor success until I bought that lumber of you and repaired my buildings. And painted them with your Sewalls Pure Liquid Paint. Now while we are taking about paint please remember this. Paint experiments is all right if not conducted at your expense. Our Sewalls Pure Liquid Paint is not in any way an experiment. It has been used with unvarying success and satisfaction for over 30 years. And we guarantee it to give you good service if not only does that but it improves the looks of your houses, barns and outbuildings. Lengthens the durability and increase the value.

FOR ROOFING

We have Galvanized Corrugated Iron, Ex "A" Red Cedar Shingles and Rubber Roofing. There is nothing beats a good Shingle for Roofing. A good shingle roof cost less than Corrugated Iron Roofing and if properly put on will last fully as long.

We sell Acme Plaster, Portland Cement, Gravel, Sand, Lime, Sewer Pipe, Land Tile, Doors, Windows and Lumber. We buy all this material in car loads direct from the mills and therefore saves our customers the middle man's profit.

You pay no freight. You see the goods before you buy them, and if anything we sell you is not as we say it is you can return it, and we will refund you the money you paid for them.

LOGAN-MOORE LUMBER CO.

BUTLER, MO. PHONE NO. 18.

P. S.—We enjoy figuring lumber bills, bring yours in and let us figure it.

Col. Sharp Meets

a Boyhood Friend.

Passaic, Mo., April 11, 1910.

Ed. Times:—Perhaps to every casual observer it is of more or less interest to note the events that are characteristic of every day existence. Yet at times some peculiar co-incidents will come together in the grist that is daily turned out at the mills of the gods of destiny, giving it a coloring that makes the interest so intense that we turn and look back at the thing and involuntarily say in our minds, "Truly it does seem—at times—that 'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

And it was to me one of these experiences came as I was standing on the streets of Butler last Saturday evening, talking to some acquaintances, when a gentleman came along and glancing at him as he was passing I unhesitatingly stuck out my hand to him in recognition of an old friend and acquaintance whom I had not seen in thirty years or more. I called him by name and said, "This must be the man I heard preach in Shelbyville, Tenn., when I was a boy." "Yes," he said, "and this is Jim." Such was our mutual recognition after so long a time. And who was this gentleman? He was no other than the Rev. Joseph McKendree Carter, whom the Annual Conference, which lately convened at Eldorado Springs, Mo., had assigned to Butler to preach to the Methodist Episcopal church for the coming year. I was but a boy when he used to come out to the little church which was built on my father's land and preached to the people, and I did not imagine he took any notice of me. Since then he had passed beyond my horizon. I knew he had married a Shelbyville girl whom I remember for her cheerful and happy disposition and her earnestness and energy as a church worker—Miss Fannie Mankin—but of his itinerancy as a preacher or of any of the vicissitudes of life since then, I had no knowledge and it may be imagined how pleased I was to thus meet him again.

I might also say in passing that since I have lived in this part of the county, a period of fifteen years, there have been four preachers who filled different pulpits in Butler and three of them were from Shelbyville, Tenn.: the Rev. A. B. Davidson, who also married a Shelbyville girl; the Rev. R. E. L. Jarvis, the Rev. Hudi-

burg and the present Rev. J. M. Carter, and I am confident that as the first three were an honor to their native state—dear old Tennessee—so will the Rev. Carter prove to be.

JAS. N. SHARP.

Reader.

As a dog and pony show, the famous Bobby Fountain aggregation has proven itself one of highest merit. All of the acts are high-class, performed by artists of the saw-dust arena, who are unquestionably of the stellar kind, and will enlist the interest of everybody who loves a dog and pony show—and who does not? The show comes with laurels of enthusiastic approbation from scores of leading cities where it has given performances. The day and date of exhibition is worth watching and remembering, Monday, April 18, Butler.

Special Note:—The aeroplane is positively with the Bobby Fountain Shows.

'My Wife' 'My Wife'

Both Speak Truth.

St. Louis Republic. David S. McCash of No. 1635 Lulu avenue, Wellston, and Oval Gallup of No. 2130 Wash street were walking on Franklin avenue Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. As they approached Fifteenth street they met a woman. Each pointed to her and said: "That's my wife." Whereupon the trio stopped.

The two men looked at each other and then at the woman. Finally one of them said:

Well, if she's your wife she ought to be arrested, because she is my wife, too."

One held her while the other found a patrolman. All were taken to the Carr Street Station to explain.

MacCash told the police he married the woman in October, 1908.

Gallup was asked when he had married the woman. He said: "We were married by Justice of the Peace Moore on August 14, 1907, and have never been divorced."

The police asked the woman which of the men was her husband. She said her name was Nettie Hayes and that she lived in a rooming-house at No. 606 Carr street.

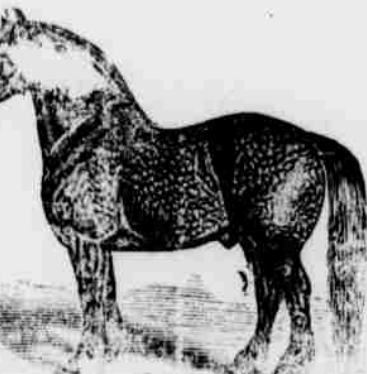
"I am legally married to both of them. Gallup did not support me, so I married MacCash. He also failed to support me, and I decided to support myself."

Not a Drop of Alcohol

What is a "tonic"? A medicine that increases the strength or tone of the whole system. What is an "alterative"? A medicine that alters or changes unhealthy action to healthy action. Name the best "tonic and alterative"? Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla entirely free from alcohol. Ask your own doctor all about it. Never take a medicine doctors cannot endorse.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Without daily action of the bowels poisonous products must be absorbed. Then you have impure blood, biliousness, headache. Ask your doctor about Ayer's Pills for constipation.



PILOT

Dark gray Percheron Stallion, 16 hands high, coming 5 years old and will weigh 1500 pounds. A fine young horse, excellent style and action.

Pilot will be permitted to serve a limited number of mares at my barn, 2 miles north and 2 1-2 miles east of Butler, Mo., during the season of 1910.

TERMS: \$10 to insure a colt to stand and suck. Money becomes due when colt is dropped, mare is parted with or removed from neighborhood. Colt to stand good for service money.

Registered 2-year-old Jersey Bull

will also be at farm. \$2 in advance for service.

Honest Jim

Will make the season at the same barn as horse. Black jack with mealey nose, 6 years old, heavy bone and large ears. Guaranteed to be a good breeder.

TERMS \$8. Conditions same as Pilot.

W. O. Card.

Phone, Summit Mutual 426, No. 5.